

The Avalanche

D. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

TRIUMPH.

By D. PALMER.
The town came in through the bars of the blinds—
And the winter's dawn is gray—
And said: However you cheat your mind,
The hours are flying away.

A shot of a gun, and pale and weak—
Has the sun a heart? I said,
To throw a burning flint on the cheek
Whence a fairer flush has fled.

As a gray rose-leaf that is fading white
Was the cheek where I set my kiss;
And on that side of the bed all night
Death had watched, and I on this.

With her lips, they were half apart,
Yet they made no answering sign;
Death's hand was on her fating heart,
And his eyes said: She is mine.

I set my lips on the blue-veined lid,
Half-veiled by her death-damp hair;
And oh, for the violet depths it hid—
And the light I longed for there!

Faint and fatigued life awoke—
And the night was overpast;
And I said: Though never in life you spoke,
Oh, speak with a look at least!

For the space of a heart-beat tutored her breath,
As a bird's wing spread to flee;
She turned her weary arms to Death
And the light of her eyes to me.

—The century.

A WOMAN'S MANAGEMENT.

Mr. Newton's year closed on Christmas; or rather he began work with his employer on Christmas. The second year closed on Friday, and on Christmas day, which was Sunday, Mr. Newton was looking over his cash accounts for the year. "Well," asked his wife, "how do you come out?"

"I find," said her husband, "that my expenses during last year have been 37 cents over \$1,000."

"And your income has been \$1,000?"

"Yes; I guessed pretty well, didn't I?"

"Do you think it managing well to exceed your income?" asked his wife.

"What's 37 cents?" asked Mr. Newton, lightly.

"Not much, to be sure, but still something. It seems to me that we ought to have saved, instead of falling behind."

"But how can we save on this salary, Elizabeth? We haven't lived extravagantly. Still it seems to have taken it all."

"Perhaps there is something in which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of the items."

"The most important is house rent, \$150, and articles of food, \$500."

"Just half."

"Yes, and you admit you can't retrench them. I like to live well; I had enough of poor bread before I married. Now I mean to live as well as I can."

"Still we ought to save something for a rainy day, Ezra."

"That would be like carrying an umbrella when the sun shines."

"Still it is well to have an umbrella in the house."

"I can't controvert your logic, Elizabeth, but I am afraid I shan't be able to save anything this year. When I get my salary raised it will be time enough to think of that."

"Let me make a proposition to you," said Mrs. Newton. "You said that one-half of your income had been expended on articles of food. Are you willing to allow me that sum for that purpose?"

"You guarantee to pay all bills out of it?"

"Yes."

"Then I shift the responsibility upon you with pleasure. But I tell you beforehand, you won't be able to save much out of it, and I shouldn't relish having any additional bills to pay. As I am paid every month I will hand you half the money."

The different characters of the husband and wife may be judged from the conversation which has been recorded. Mr. Newton had little prudence or foresight. He lived chiefly for the present, and seemed to fancy that whatever contingencies might rise in the future he would somehow be provided for. Now, to trust to Providence is a proper way, but there is a good deal of truth in the old adage that God helps those who help themselves.

Mrs. Newton, on the contrary, had been brought up in a family which was compelled to be economical, and, though she was indisposed to deny herself comforts, yet she felt that it was desirable to procure them at a fair rate.

The time at which this conversation took place was at the commencement of the second year of their married life.

The first step Mr. Newton took on accepting the charge of the household expenses was to institute the practice of paying cash for all articles that came under her department. She accordingly called on the butcher and inquired:

"How often have you been in the habit of presenting your bills, Mr. Williams?"

"Once in six months," was the reply.

"And I suppose you sometimes have had bad bills?"

"Yes, one-third of my profits, on the average, are swept off by them."

"I will set them an example, then," said Mrs. Newton. "Hereafter, whatever articles shall be purchased shall be paid for upon the spot, and I shall expect you to sell them as reasonably as you can."

This arrangement was also made with the others, who, it is scarcely needful to say, were glad to enter into the arrangement. Ready money is a great supporter of trade, and a cash customer is worth two who purchase on credit.

There are other ways in which a careful housekeeper is able to limit expenses.

which Mrs. Newton did not overlook. With an object in view she was always on the lookout to prevent waste, to get the full value of whatever was expended. The result was beyond her anticipations.

At the close of the year, on examining her bank book—for she had regularly deposited whatever money she had not had occasion to use in one of the institutions—she found that she had \$150, beside reimbursing herself for the money spent during the first month, and had enough to last the other.

"Well, Elizabeth, have you kept within your allowance?" asked her husband at that time. "I guess you have not found it so easy to save as you thought."

"I have saved something, however," said his wife, "how is it with you?"

"That's more than I can say. However, I have not exceeded my income, that's one good thing. We have lived fully as well as last year, and I don't know but better than when we spent \$500."

"It's knock," Ezra," said his wife, smiling. She was not inclined to mention how much she had saved. She wanted, some time or other, to surprise him when it would be of service.

"She may possibly have saved \$35," thought Mr. Newton, "or some trifle," and so dismissed the matter from his mind.

At the end of the second year Mrs. Newton's savings, including the interest, amounted to \$350, and she began to feel quite rich.

Her husband did not think to inquire how much she had saved, supposing, as before, it could be but little.

However, he had a piece of good news to communicate. His salary had been raised from \$1,000 to \$1,200.

He added: "As I before allowed you one-half of my income for household expenses, it is no more than fair that I should do so now. That will give you a better chance to save part of it before.

As before, Mrs. Newton merely said that she had saved something, without specifying the amount.

Her allowance was increased to \$600, but her expenses were not increased at all; so that her savings for the third year swelled the aggregate sum in the savings bank to \$600.

Mr. Newton, on the contrary, in spite of his increased salary, was no better off at the end of his third year than before. His expenses had increased by \$100, though he would have found it difficult to tell in what way his comfort or happiness had been increased thereby.

In spite of his carelessness in regard to his own affairs, Mr. Newton was an excellent man in regard to his business, and his services were valuable to his employers. They accordingly increased his salary from time to time, until it reached \$1,600. He had preserved the custom of assigning one-half to his wife, as heretofore, and this had become such a habit that he never thought to inquire whether she found it necessary to employ the whole or not.

Thus ten years rolled away. During all this time, Newton lived in the same hired house, for which he paid an annual rent of \$150. Lately, however, he had become dissatisfied with it. It had passed into the hands of a new landlord, who was not disposed to keep it in the repair which he considered desirable.

About this time a block of excellent houses was erected by a capitalist, who desired to sell or let them as he might have an opportunity. They were modern and much better arranged than the one in which Mr. Newton had lived, and he felt a strong desire to move into one of them. He mentioned it to his wife one morning.

"What is the rent?"

"Two hundred and twenty-five for the corner house, \$200 for either of the others."

"The corner house would be preferable on account of the side windows."

"Yes, and they have a large yard beside. I think we had better take one of them. I guess I'll engage one of them to-day; you know our year is out next week."

"Please wait till to-morrow before you engage one."

"For what reason?"

"I should like to examine the house."

"Very well. I suppose to-morrow will be sufficiently early."

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Newton called on Squire Bent, the owner of the new block, and intimated her desire to be shown the corner house. Her request was readily complied with. Mrs. Newton was quite delighted with all the arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction.

"Are these houses for sale or to let?" she inquired.

"Either," said the owner.

"The rent is, I understand, \$225."

"Yes, I consider the corner house worth at least \$25 more than the rest."

"And what do you charge for the house for a cash purchase?" asked Mrs. Newton, with subdued eagerness.

"Four thousand" dollars, was the reply "and that is but a small advance on the cost."

"Very well, I will buy it of you," added Mrs. Newton, quietly.

"What did I understand you to say?" asked the Squire, scarcely believing his own ears.

"I repeat that I will buy this house at your own price, and pay the money within a week."

"Then the house is yours. But your husband did not say anything of his intention, and in fact I did not know—"

"That he had any money to invest, I suppose you would say. Neither does he know it, and I must ask you not to tell him of it at present."

The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk, but without specifying the direction. They

soon stood in front of the house in which he desired to live.

"Wouldn't you like to go in?" she asked.

"Yes. It's a pity we haven't the key."

"I have the key," said his wife, and forthwith she walked up the steps and proceeded to open the door.

"When did you get the key of 'Squire Bent'?" asked her husband.

"Yesterday, when I bought the house," said his wife, quietly.

Mrs. Newton gazed on his wife in profound astonishment.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—this house is mine, and what's mine is yours." So this companion, as we stood in front of the old house.

"Where, in the name of goodness, did you raise the money?" asked her husband, in amazement as great as ever.

"I haven't been managing wife for ten years for nothing," said Mrs. Newton, smiling.

With some difficulty Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt, when he observed the commodious arrangements of the house, that he had reason to be grateful for the prudence of his managing wife.

SHAVING THE FACE.

Thirty years ago a few persons of foreign birth appeared in the streets with hair on the upper lip, and were objects of curiosity and sometimes of public ridicule. In 1850 some of the young swells of the metropolis began to wear mustaches, but for some time no clerk would venture to imitate them. In one case a merchant on Pine street who had just engaged a clerk for twelve months, during good behavior, discharged him for wearing a full beard, claiming that the adoption of the fashion laid the clerk open to dismissal under the good-behavior clause of the contract. About the same time a number of leading merchants gave notice that they would employ nobody who wore hair on the upper lip. "As late as 1851 the senior proprietor of this paper made his cashier shave off an incipient mustache, and soon after brought his own son under the razor. In the church of Dr. Bethune, on Brooklyn Heights, an elder who was suffering from a lame wrist allowed his beard to grow rather than submit to a barber. The habit, beginning in necessity, continued on account of the increase of comfort which it afforded, and the elder flaunted his beard before the congregation constantly. The result was laughable. Many of the brethren called upon the pastor to insist upon doing away with such a scandal as a full-bearded elder. He led them to his library and showed how some of the early fathers had pleaded against cutting off the beard: "He turned to Lactantius, Theodore, St. Augustine and St. Cyprian, who had stoutly contended for the growth of the whole beard. He quoted from Clement or Alexander the assertion that 'nature adorned men like a lion with a beard, as a mark of strength and power.' When one of the visitors asked him how he would like it if the clergy assumed the mustache, Dr. Bethune referred him to a decision of the fourth Council of Carthage (A. D. 252, can. 44) in which it was positively enacted that a clerk shall not shave his beard, and to a statement made by Luther in discussing the subject, that 'all the Protestant martyrs were burned in their full beards.' This did not settle the matter, for subsequently the ladies of the congregation put in the protest. But in a few months a venturesome lawyer let his beard grow after the manner of the elder, and in a little while smooth shaven faces were no longer the rule but were the exception.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

ZYLONITE.

One of the most remarkable uses to which paper has been put of late years is the manufacture of zylonite, a substance which, at the will of the manufacturer, may be made in imitation of horn, rubber, ivory, tortoise shell, amber and even glass. The uses to which zylonite are adaptable are almost infinite, but perhaps the most extraordinary is the manufacture of cathedral windows. The discovery was made by an Englishman named Spills, about fifteen years ago, but it was only about five years ago that a company was formed in London for its manufacture. Within the last two years a company has been formed here. The base of zylonite is a plain white tissue paper, made from cotton or cotton and linen rags. The paper being treated first with a bath of sulphur and other acids, undergoes a chemical change. The acid then carefully washed out, and the paper treated with another preparation, it assumes an appearance very much like parchment. It is then capable of being worked up into plates of any thickness, rendered almost perfectly transparent or given any of the brilliant colors that silk will take. It is much more flexible than either horn or ivory, and much less brittle. Combs or other articles made of it imitate tortoise shell are said to be so perfect in appearance as to deceive the eye of the most practiced workmen in that substance.

The difference in the materials can be detected only by tests. A plain white tissue paper also forms the basis of celluloid, and the treatment in the early stages of preparation are somewhat similar. The chief difference, however, between celluloid and zylonite is that the former cannot be rendered transparent, and therefore cannot imitate so many different substances.

The incongruities of nature are well illustrated when a man, whose life from the cradle has been one stupendous error, points out small mistake in a newspaper and asks the editor why he can't keep things straight in his paper.

It is only American grapes that resist

phylloxera in France.

MARK TWAIN.

Some Reminiscences of the Great Humorist.

A correspondent who writes from Hannibal, Mo., says:

I fell in with John R. Robards, Mark Twain's old chum, and who is the prototype of Jack in "Tom Sawyer."

The first place Robards took me to was the old home of the Clemens family, and where the early days of the illustrious humorist were spent. The house is an old two-story brick, and is occupied by a colored family, who have no sentiment concerning the place of their abode.

"In this house and under this tree have I spent many a pleasant hour in company with Mark," said my companion, as we stood in front of the old house.

"The next place I went to, a little way down the river, is the cave by which I have spent many a pleasant hour in company with Mark," said my companion.

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O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor
Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,
Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, August 10, 1882.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

A Republican State Convention to nominate State officers and for the transaction of other business will be held at the Opera House in the village of Kalamazoo, on Wednesday, August 30th, 1882, at 11 o'clock a. m.

In accordance with a resolution adopted at Grand Rapids, May 10th, 1882, every county will be entitled to one delegate for each 500 of the total vote cast for Governor at the last State election (in 1880), and one additional delegate for every fraction of 500 votes, but each organized county will be entitled to at least one delegate.

Under a resolution of 1858 no delegate will be entitled to seat in the convention who does not reside in the county he proposes to represent.

In accordance with a resolution adopted at Detroit, June 23d, 1880, the secretary of each county convention is requested to forward to the State Central Committee, by the earliest mail after the delegates to the State convention are chosen, a certified list of such delegates as are entitled to seats in the State convention from their respective counties.

B. P. BALDWIN, Chairman.
Wm. Livingston, Jr., Chas. D. Nelson, E. W. Cottrell, W. M. Kilpatrick, Rico A. Beal, Wm. Hartshaff, T. S. Aplegate, Edgar Weeks, Ino. C. Sharpe, Theo. C. Phillips, C. C. Tompkins, W. N. Brown, J. M. Shepard, Thos. T. Bates, James Monroe, Edward Bretting, E. G. D. Holden, Republican State Central Committee.

G. W. PARTHNER, *Sec. pro tem.*

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION—
TENTH DISTRICT.

The Republicans of the Tenth Congressional District are requested to meet in convention, by properly accredited delegates, at the Court House in the city of Bay City, on Thursday, August 31st, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of putting in nomination a candidate for Representative in Congress for said district; and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention.

The several counties of the district will be entitled to the same number of delegates as allowed at the State convention, being on the basis of one delegate for each five hundred of the total vote cast for Governor at the last State election, and one additional delegate for every fraction of 500 votes, provided, that each organized county shall be entitled to at least one delegate, viz:

Alcona, 1; Alpena, 4; Bay, 13; Clare, 2; Crawford, 1; Cheboygan, 2; Emmet, 3; Gladwin, 1; Iosco, 3; Montmorency, 1; Ogemaw, 1; Otsego, 1; Oscoda, 1; Presque Isle, 1; Roscommon, 2; Tuscola, 10.

Each delegate must reside in the county he proposes to represent.

Bay City, July 24, 1882.
T. F. SHEPARD, Bay City.

W. C. STRYKES, East Tawas,
HENRY WOODRUFF, Farwell,
J. A. TROTTER, Vassar,
GEO. W. BELL, Cheboygan,
WM. CROSBY, Harbor Springs,
Republican Committee, Tenth District.

JOE BENTLEY AND THE QUEEN.

Joe Bentley was an American boy who had been brought up on a cattle farm in the interior of one of the New England States, but who had left home for the more congenial life on board a man-of-war. His first voyage took him to Lisbon, where, to his great delight, he learned that there was to be during the following Easter week, a great bull fight. The wildest bulls had been brought from Andalusia, a large number of horses from the royal stables were to be in the ring. The Queen herself would preside and distribute the favors, and, in short, it was to be the grandest bull fight seen in Portugal for many years.

All this had a peculiar fascination for Joe. In all his allusions to Portugal and Spain, he had declared to the boys that the only thing he cared to see in those countries was a bull fight.

The bull fights of Portugal are different from those in Spain in several important particulars. At every such fight in Spain, where the cruel sport is conducted in the most barbarous manner, many horses are killed, and sometimes men, too, fall victims, and at the close of the fight the bull is dispatched by the *matador*, or bull-killer. The law of Portugal does not allow the bull to be killed, and his horns are always padded, or tipped with brass, so that he cannot gore the horses. Once in a while, however, a man is killed, in spite of this precaution. The excitement is intense, as the object is to drive or drag the bull from the enclosure.

Accordingly, having obtained permission to go ashore on the day of the fight, he made his way at an early hour to the bull ring, and obtained one of the best seats. He thought that all Lisbon must be there. All waited in suspense for the Queen to enter the royal box. Presently she appeared and was greeted with repeated cries of applause. Then the sport began, and Joe watched with interest and enthusiasm the mad rush of the bull into the ring, and admired the agility of his tormentors in evading his onslaughts.

Finally, however, the superb animal had driven all his opponents from the enclosure.

For an instant the bull was master of the ring.

The most perilous feat of the bull-ring was now attempted. A young man, covered with silver lace hung all over with little bells, undertook to

cling to them till the bull should be sufficiently exhausted to be overpowered and taken from the ring. He courageously made the attempt, but unhappily missed his aim and fell directly in front of the enraged animal.

At this moment of terrible suspense, moreover, Joe suddenly saw what had not yet been discovered by anyone else—that the bull had lost the padding

from one of his horns. He stood over the young man, his eyes glaring and his whole attitude one of furious anger. He refused to be diverted by the colors glancing all around him, and he seemed to be considering whether he should trample on his victim or pierce him with the naked horn. The young man did not dare to move, for he was aware that the bull possessed every advantage. The excitement of the audience was at its highest point, and the overwrought feelings of our hero would allow him to retain his seat no longer.

With the sprightliness of a sailor-boy he leaped the palings. Everybody was astonished at his temerity. An Eng-

lishman present, fearing for the life of the unpracticed lad, cried out, "Come back!" Several Americans shouted for him to leave the ring. But Joe had made the venture and he was not going to be frightened from the ring. On the farm at home he had conquered many a steer quite as mad and powerful as even this maddened bull.

He was conscious that thousands of eyes were watching him with eager interest; but without hesitation he advanced toward the bull, coolly placing himself so that with one hand he could grasp the bull's horn, while with the other he could seize his shaggy mane.

The young man, meanwhile, leaped to his feet and retired to a safe position, leaving Joe to fight the bull alone.

Joe's mode of attack had never before been seen in Portugal, and it appeared the extreme of folly. A murmur of remonstrance was heard in every part of the audience. Many cried out for the *campinos* to rush in and rescue the reckless youth. The bull did not seem to appreciate the turn events had taken, and for a moment stood motionless. A strange silence, almost ominous of defeat to our hero, settled upon the pavilion. It was a thrilling scene—the brave sailor boy apparently at the mercy of the furious animal, and thousands of spectators looking on with breathless interest.

Suddenly the bull recovered himself, and, with an angry flaunt of his head, renewed hostilities. Joe quickly found that clinging to a yard-arm in a tempest was less difficult than to the bull's slippery horn; but he was determined to be captain of this lively craft.

Somehow he felt that the honor of his country depended upon his victory.

As a good seaman favors his ship in a hurricane, so Joe resolved to humor the bull. He realized that he must take care of his strength, for he would need it all before he got through with his antagonist. Now the bull began to exhibit his wrath. He writhed, and hooked, and stamped. One instant the audience expected to see poor Joe dangling from his horns, and the next trampled helpless beneath his feet.

But Joe clung as he would cling to a life-line in a fearful surf. During the intervals of the bull's violence, as in

the water on its ebb, he struck gallantly upon his feet. Each time he did so cried— "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air.

The bull continued to put forth still greater power. He plunged and tore around the ring. Alternately he jerked and swung Joe from his feet, and fairly spun him through the air.

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do Munising 1:40 p. m. 1:49 p. m.

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do Michillan 2:12 a. m. 2:15 p. m.

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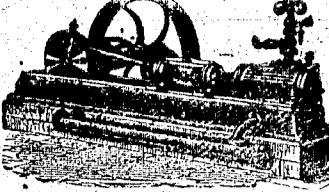
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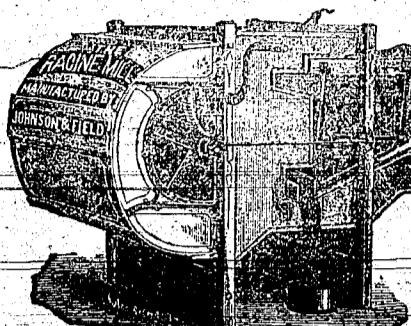
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